THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Deacon & Peterson, Publishers, NUMBER SIXTY-SIX SOUTH THIRD ST.

Two Dollars Per Annum, In Advance. THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXXI. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1851. WHOLE NO. 1577.

Choice Poetry.

THE TWO VISIONS.

FROM BAYARD TAYLOR'S NEW VOLUME OF POEMS.

Through days of toil, through nightly fears,
A vision blessed my heart for years;
And so secure its features grew,
My heart believed the blessing true.

I saw her there, a household dove,
In consummated peace of love,
And sweeter joy and manlier grace
Breathed o'er the beauty of her face:

The joy and grace of love in rest,
The fireside music at the breast,
When vain desires and restless schemes
Sleep, pillowed on our early dreams.

But less alone: beside her stood,
In gentler types, our love renewed;
Our separate beings one, in Birth,—
The darling miracles of Earth.

The mother's smile, the children's kiss,
And home's serene, abounding bliss;
The fruitage of a life that bore
But idle Summer blooms before:

Such was the vision, far and sweet,
That, still beyond Time's lagging feet,
Lay glimmering in my heart for years,
Seen with the mist of happy tears.

That vision died, in drops of woe,
In blotting drops, dissolving slow;
Now, toiling day and sorrowing night,
Another vision fills my sight.

A cold mound in the Winter snow;
A colder heart at rest below;
A life in utter loneness buried,
And darkness over all the world.

My heart, a bird with broken wing,
Deserted by its mate of Spring,
Droops, shivering, while the chill winds blow,
And fill the nest of Love with snow.

Original Novelet.

THE DISCARDED DAUGHTER: OR, THE CHILDREN OF THE ISLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,
AUTHOR OF "SHANNONDALE," "THE DESERTED WIFE," &c., &c.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

I dream of all things free!
Of a gallant, gallant bark,
That sweeps through storm and sea
Like an arrow to its mark!
Of a stag that o'er the hills
Goes bounding in his glee—
Of a thousand flashing rills—
Of all things glad and free!

Of a happy forest child,
With the fawns and flowers at play;
Of an Indian midst the wilds,
With the stars to guide his way;
Of a chief his warriors leading—
Of an archer's greenwood tree—
My heart in chains lies bleeding,
But I dream of all things free!

Hemans's Songs of Captivity.

CHAPTER I.

ST. CLARA'S ISLE.

The island lies nine leagues away:
Along its solitary shore
Of craggy rock and sandy bay,
No sound but ocean's roar,
Save where the bold, wild sea-bird makes her home,
Her shrill cry coming through the sparkling foam.

R. H. Dana.

The scene of our story lie along the Western shore of Maryland, near the mouth of the Potomac River, and among the islets of the Chesapeake Bay.

Nothing can be more beautiful, grand and inspiring, than the scenery of this region.

The great Potomac, a mighty and invincible monarch of rivers, even from her first stormy conquest, in which she rent apart the everlasting mountains, and forced herself a passage to the sea—widens and broadens her channel, extending the area of her empire continually as she goes on her irresistible way in a vast, calm, majestic flow of waters to the ocean.

At the mouth of the river on the North, or [illegible]

CHAPTER II.

[illegible]

CHAPTER III.

AGNES SEABRIGHT.

[illegible]

CHAPTER IV.

[illegible]

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1851.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the POST are $2 if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5 in advance, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent, in the city, to one address, and in the country, to one post-office:

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13 " (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$15 00	"
20 " (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$20 00	"

Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club, end at one and the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

Post Masters or others sending for Clubs, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address when they can do so conveniently.

Our Correspondents

WESTERN STEAMBOATS.

We have received two strictures from Western correspondents, respecting an article we lately published from the "New York Independent," upon Western Steamboats. As we have no idea that Mr. Thompson *intended* to perpetrate any injustice upon our Western friends, we shall publish the mildest toned of the strictures we have received:

A FEW WORDS ON WESTERN STEAMERS.

MR. EDITOR:—In the "Post" of Aug. 30, I find an article, headed "A Western Steamer," copied from the *N. Y. Independent*, in which its editor, (Rev. J. P. Thompson), endeavors to enlighten his readers with a description of those vessels, as now in use on the Western rivers.

A regard for the dissemination of correct information, and simple justice to those concerned, prompt me to take some notice of that article, and in doing so, I desire to pay to its writer all due respect.

Having never seen an Eastern Steamer, I, therefore, can draw no comparison of the two styles. But from what I can learn, there is doubtless a considerable difference, and I expect that the Eastern boats are more durably constructed than those in the West. But, as a general rule, you will not find our Western Steamers "mere shells of pine, shallow, long, narrow, and flat-bottomed," as the Rev. Mr. T. would fain graphically (!) describe them. Ours are substantially built, and many of them with handsomely modelled hulls.

My observation has taught me to believe, that in order to propel a *Steam*-boat, it is necessary to have (huge) *furnaces of fire on board*, wherewith to assist in producing the motive power, and, therefore, if on entering a boat we find them on it, *I* think they should not elicit any surprise, nor suggest apprehensive fears.

These furnaces are constructed of stout sheet iron, as is likewise the sheathing on which the "flaming brands and coals drop continually," and I do not recollect a single accident resulting from this source. And considering the great number of Steamers on our rivers, the proportion ...

Miscellaneous.

RIDICULE AS A WEAPON.

FROM CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

It is particularly necessary that a sound discretion should be exercised in the use of ridicule as a weapon. Its power of offence and defence is enormous. The stoutest and the most sacred cause can scarcely withstand it. Argument often sinks abashed before it. Often, where unable to accomplish the victory, it will at least take away all zeal and fervor from the other side, and thus gain its point by creating indifference. The basis of this power is the universal love of a jest, and the comparative rarity of clear judgment and sound principle. Hence, let the most admirable things be brought forward and speculated upon, men will in general listen with reluctance; but let some wag throw in a jet of ridicule, the majority are instantly off in a fit of merriment, from which it is not easy to recall them to the subject in its proper aspect. One could almost suppose that men felt a jealousy regarding grave and important things, and were, for that reason, happy in an opportunity of turning out their ridiculous sides. Or perhaps it is only the contrast between the solemn and portentous aspect of these things, and their ludicrousness in the eye of levity, which renders them such favorite topics for mirth. However it is, certainly philosophies, pomps, formalities, dignities, have at all times been peculiarly liable to the travesties and burlesques of the profane.—Now, this very delicacy in the status of such things calls for a tenderness on the part of those who are prone to the use of ridicule.

It should be always kept in mind, that ridicule is not necessarily truth or justice. It may be employed, doubtless, on that side; and we have seen it so employed with vast effect in some remarkable instances. But certainly there is no necessary connection between ridicule and truth. Let us take, for instance, Peter Pindar's jocular poems on King George III. The descriptions given by the poet of the monarch's style of speaking, and even the reports of some of the particular expressions used by him are probably not far from the reality; but will any man undertake to prove that the general effect of these pasquinades is to leave a just or correct view of the life and conversation of the King? It is, at the best, but a part of the truth, and that so set forth, as to tell untruly. So also take Peter's really amusing poem of Sir Joseph Banks's hunt after the Emperor of Morocco butterfly. Grant this were true, as an isolated fact, the effect of the narration is nevertheless false. The respectability of natural history as a study is sunk in the ludicrous circumstances attending one of the means necessary for prosecuting it. The self-devotedness of the great naturalist, which led him all over the world for the acquisition of knowledge, is lost in the view we have of him flying over Cockney suburban gardens, and through mires and brakes, in chase of a humble insect. We may laugh; but the injustice of the whole picture towards both Sir Joseph and a science which, rightly studied, is a kind of religion, must be manifest to every reflecting mind.

There are few things which the light-headed part of the community seem to enjoy more than the detection of any mistake made by the votaries of the speculative sciences. The exquisite drollery of the situation of Jonathan Oldbuck on his Roman Camp, when Edie Ochiltree claimed to have been present at the making of it, has perhaps been relished more than any other single scene in the Waverley novels. So also Fielding has created one of his most effective pictures, by placing a certain philosopher in a situation violently exceptive to the tendency of his doctrines. We should, however, keep in mind, that such circumstances might happen in the actual world, and yet only be exceptions to general rules. Although one antiquary may have mistaken an old sheepfold for a station of ...

Original Sketch.

REMARKABLE WEDDINGS.

New Publications.

Foreign Sketches.

NELSON'S TOMB, &c., &c.

PRAIRIE GOSSIP.

Clippings.

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK MARKETS, OCT. 11.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1852.

SATURDAY EVENING POST
CEDAR-POWER DOOR AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE.
No. 66 Sower Three Squares, Penna.,
Where Books, Pamphlets, Hand Bills, Posting Bills, Circulars, Bill Heads, Cards, Labels, &c., &c., are executed with elegance, in the neatest manner, and on the most reasonable terms.
DRAGON & PETERSON, Proprietors.

Miscellaneous.

THE N. Y. FIREMAN ON THE FIRE ANNIHILATOR.

FROM THE LITERARY WORLD.

If yer want to know who I am, I can tell yer just as quick as a fire flash; yer can bet yer pile on the-ah!

I rose with Number Sixty; I done, and I sleeps on the pile of bones every night. The machine don't go out to fires unless I go first; and then mates the big!

I never wrote many letters, and then was on Forty's dooty, to let 'em know that Sixty's team was at second for the largest go. But then, bless yer, if M. I. hasn't a curiosity to know wot's wot about that 'ere Fire Annihilator, which the papers sets stakin' was a mean shell, and I'm agoing to write one more letter to ask.

I knew it's a humbug afore I commenced; cause that are Bateman lays the hose of the whole concern. There's some kind of a Jersey Lind hetch about it for sartin, or he wouldn't go it. Maybe he ain't a con., though! He's second when there's money in the pipe!—but yere like on the-ah!

I'm second if I didn't stoby over the "Sun" one blessed hour the other day at Potts Island's hot-house, a-trying to find out wot it was at! when Bateman and his machine hove in sight, to the fire and; how, look-a-here, I'm second at Phillips, anyhow! If he's second, will him tell me—I mean—Where does he put his Annihilator machine to get out fire with a stream of smoke gushing through a pipe? Oh, g-a-s-e-s! Why don't the New Philidure send me up in a fire? If he'll only try it when Sixty's hops home to Forty's, I guess he'll know who's got the strongest pipe!

It's been a member with a brimbat in—the paper said. But, I believe that are not; I done—I done the wase Phillips must have had a brick in his hat when he invented it, for two wots the same brick wot he puts into the machine. A brickbat made of silver and charcoal, with mesmeriff into goggers—with a hole through it, filled with sugar and potash and vitriol; and when they smash 'em all up together, the gas comes out of the pipe to put the fire out.

Oh, y-a-s-e-s! yer better believe I'll swallow that are humbug!

Wasn't I at fifty fires where there was drug store a burning? Haven't I seen wire and pigeon, with pound and vitriol burning together, like a stable coal? Don't I know better?—that's the hardest of the big humbugs of vitriol; which got upset down at the corner of the drug store down in Maiden Lane, where Number Thirty pumped and pumped all night! Lordy! how it did burn and pile!

Talk of chemical, too! No, yer don't! I guess I learned all about chemical by this time—I don't!

I read as how all engines will be worth new will be to put the smoke out and wash the old engines; that this new gas knocks down fame just as I makes out to knock down the Cornet Anderson. And—per may go yer length that fame 'll make—that are gas just about as much as Cornet used to raise! Now, if Mr. Bateman's mine or the Corporation think that I'm a goin' to take the risk of the fire to play second fiddle to this gas-a, they may just take my coal and wear it out next Christmas. I don't sleep by do was chimney. I doesn't! I don't know I'll be on every Sunday for nothing!!—I doesn't run to a fire out of Sixty without I knows as I'm to get! What's the fun of pumping water on a bit of smoke, I'd like to know? D'yes think I've hold in pipe for nothing? I'm humbugged by a parcel of calls out to stop, the fire's out! Maybe I can't drench a hose out, though—just try me, though. Maybe, in the hands of a wooden head, it's out in foot, and only half stroke!

And yer think that wot children carry one of them Nibblicers. He ain't no fund of grace-a! I might as well be a juryman or a Confectionalist or a steam engine, or a fancy fire-hat, a-painted with a tag of niggers at his back. As Hat Fire Co. used to—Good. She hope—and I'll be second, when I comes to that, "my occupation's gone!" gone just like a rainy Fourth of July!

We got a letter from this new age rig of Bateman's in the engine-house, last Sunday night, and our foreman knows a bit or two, and can tell knowing about hooks, says the Nibblicer will all end in smoke—there's nothing freely about it. A few promises goin' to be taken by it, and then folks 'll take to the Firemen sweeter than ever. But my eye! what's exactly straight about it. I'd like to measure off the hose that I'm told I gives in one way at t'other. If No. Sixty's men are going to be humbugged by a parcel of old hoses, (like a boy's squirt engine,) worked with brickbats and vitriol, I'm again' to leave the company and my hose and my pile to stoby on that!

ONE WHO SUMS WITH NO. = SIXTY.

WANT OF CONFIDENCE.

BY J. F. MORRIS.

We believe we have published the following before, but it is so very appropriate to the present time, that it will bear republishing :)

A little Frenchman loaned a merchant five thousand dollars and took a three months' note. He called at the counting-house a few days ago in a state of agitation not easily described.

"How do you do?" inquired the merchant.

"Sick—ver sick," replied monsieur.

"What's the matter?"

"Dattime is de matter."

"Dattime? what disease is that?"

"He is wanted to break all de merchants, we much."

"Ah! the times, eh! Well they are bad, very bad, sure enough; but, do they affect you?"

"Vy, monsieur, I loss de confidence."

"In whom?"

"In everybody."

"No note, I hope?"

"Faithless, good, monsieur, but I do not have de to trust, at present, whan all de merchants break around me like gunpowder."

"Then I presume you want your money?"

"Oui, monsieur, I starve for want of Targent."

"Can't you do without it?"

"No, monsieur, I must have it."

"You must, eh?"

"Oui, monsieur," said the Frenchman, lastly—pale with apprehension for the safety of his money.

"And you can't do without it?"

"No, monsieur, I have to settle moment long-ger."

The merchant reached his bank-book, drew a check on the bank for the amount, and handed it to his visitor.

"Vat is dis, monsieur?"

"A check for five thousand dollars, with the interest."

"Is he ver?" said the Frenchman, with amazement.

"Certainly."

"Have you Targent in de bank?"

"Yes."

"And it is parfaitment convenient to pay de note?"

"Undoubtedly. What astonishes you?"

"You, dat you have got him in dem times."

"Oh, yes, and I have got plenty more. I owe nothing, and I cannot pay at a moment's notice."

The Frenchman was perplexed.

"Monsieur, you shall do me one leetle favor, eh?"

"With all my heart."

"Vell, monsieur, you shall keep de Targent for one leetle year longer."

"Why, I brought you instead it?"

"Toot on contentide. I no want de Targent—I want de good confidence. Suppose you no get de money; den I wait him ne mush—suppose you get him; den I no want him at all. Vary nongenuine, eh?"

After some other conference, the little Frenchman prevailed upon the merchant to retain the money, and left the counting house with a light heart, and a countenance very different from the one he wore when he entered. His confidence was restored, and although he did not stand in need of the money, he wished to know that his property was in safe hands.

[ZF Did you never hear of the Yankee, who, boasting of a visit to George III, and his familiarity with them, said His Majesty would have come to see him, if it had not been washing day!

RECOLLECTIONS OF A GRANDMOTHER.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Miss Charlotte, having just returned from school and thrown herself upon the sofa, "how pale Fanny is! What can be the matter with our Sunbeam?"

"Why, Lottie, what do you mean?" asked her grandmother, in a tone of melancholy, at the same time dropping her knitting and looking first at the young lady, then around the room, upon the spectacled relief rested on the point of her nose. "What can you wish for that isn't here?"

"Dear grandmother, I don't wish it is here, but, grandmother, it is so horrid old fashioned. The carpet, table, sofa, chairs, everything, looks out of date."

"So! for all that, Lottie, everything is nice and comfortable."

"It doesn't seem so to me, particularly when we have company. I am heartily ashamed to have people see us for that reason at times. I positively cannot be contented with living in this style, and if papa doesn't notify furnish throughout this fall, I declare what I shall do."

"Lottie, you can't remember seventy years ago, as your old grandmother can. Come, child, I think I can tell you something that will be good for you to listen to."

Please do, grandmother. I always love to hear about old times. I will take this seat by the window where it is cool—now let me hear it."

"No, not that, I've got your sewing. A girl like you, should never sit down without work of some kind. Lottie, you will find fail to do this for a few weeks, it would come to be a habit so that you never would want to sit idle. Then you'll always have some better business, and better home when you did it, other; but if you make it a habit, you'll find it being a half hour an hour seems every new and then, elapsed upon it, Lottie, your work will always drag, and pester you, and you'll never bring much to pass at home or abroad."

"Well, I will make this shirt sleeve. Now begin the story."

"I've no story in particular on my mind, Lottie, but I thought the best way to entertain you how people had to live when I was young, and then may be you'll feel a bit less scornful to-ward things around you. Now, I'll begin, and if anything, as you are very apt to do, you will find me forgetful, please have a great deal to be thankful for.

"One of the first things I remember—and it seems as much like a dream as a reality, for I was very young—was seeing my father and mother trying to walk on a floor which was so thickly and closely covered with live coals that there was only a half-dozen steps without treading heedlessly and bruising my forefoot or making my nose smart.

"Another thing that happened I think nothing of, Charlotte, as it would in these days, but it was a bit like a dream. One cold Winter day I got into a corner of the kitchen, not for the look of anything particular to do, I suppose, but to keep out of the way of others.

"Our house was the best in the whole neighborhood, I mean the country for three or four miles around, and had a large kitchen, a small bedchamber, and three half-sash windows. There was a rough stone fireplace with a stick chimney, built on the outside, and a wooden floor that was sawed, not by a steam engine, but by a man who was raised by a string.

"Now I don't want you to feel scarred to father's sad no floor to their house, nor windows, and no regular fireplace. There was a large flat stone about a foot from each end to serve as a hearth, and a fire against. Directly over this was a hole in the roof, through which the smoke went out, but not the smoke and let in the light. In freezing weather, I have seen Indians several feet long huddled around the fire, and I remember, if I don't tell you about this family, but not now, for there is another story about them, and I intend to tell you soon when your school doesn't keep, just put me in mind of it, and I will tell you more concerning old times."—Anonymous Union.

General News.

TARIFF CRITERIA.—The achievements of our country upon the ocean are something really to be proud of. In point of speed, American vessels bear off the bell, whether as steamers or yachts or clippers. The late performance of the Flying Cloud to San Francisco is attracting so much attention as the recent yacht race to Isle Le Haul. The Flying Cloud made Cape Horn in 54 days, and San Francisco in 74 days. On her return from Cape Horn to San Francisco was made in 89 days. Her best run in 24 hours was 374 miles. Her greatest run over land in a day (by steamer—averaging 15½ miles per hour, beating the fastest express train on record) was 436 miles. In three successive days she made 702 miles. At this rate she would cross the Atlantic in less than nine days. The Sea Witch, during 1851, was carrying tea—ballast sails, with the wind one point forward of the beam. On one occasion, during a squall, she logged 18 knots, and was not sufficient to measure her speed: 40 miles was the greatest run in 24 hours. When 10 days out, she sprung her mainmast head, rendering the mast very tender the rest of the voyage.

THE CUBAN FILIBUSTERS.—The New York Times says that the Spanish Government has notified that if the Spanish resistance at New Orleans are industrialized for the losses sustained at the hands of the Cuban patriots, they will be sent to the tribunalize release of all the prisoners upon a proper application to the Court of Madrid. In pursuance of this notice, the Spanish Consul authorized Captain Ellis to make the above application to the United States authorities at Washington.

Mrs. Patterson, of New Orleans, who went to Washington to intercede with the President for the liberty of her son, Charles A. Downer, arrived in New York on her way home. She was unsuccessful in her mission. We are glad to hear, however, that she was so far successful as to secure from Congress the sum of $3,000, to be refunded to her by the Spanish Government, and will probably reach there in time to give him a joyful greeting upon landing.

JENNY LIND.—Jenny Lind intends to commence her concerts in Boston, Salem, Lowell, and Otis Goldschmidt. The first concert will be given in New York Tribune says, on authority at Exhibition, from there she will go to Toronto, and thence West, as far as Chicago, singing in the principal cities. She will return to Boston in time of her excursion on the South. She will then return to the East, and will settle in New York about the 1st of December. The Tribune also says that she is to appear in opera is denied. In a letter to Mr. A. she says:

"I have not the most remote idea of ever again returning to the stage; and although I have the most kind and flattering offers from Lumley and Jullien, and from Barnum, I have declined them all, and I am resolved to remain entirely private. I am very thankful to you for the idea that no inducement whatever, can tend to make me change my determination to the resolution I have adopted to quit the stage.

PAPER MONEY.—The "Cercles Italiens" gives the following summary of the amount of paper money afloat in the principal countries at the present time. Total amount 1,361,425,520; of the Russia has 175,000,000; Austria, 400,000,000; Prussia has issued 210,000,000; France 140,000,000; and Prussia 24,000,000; the Papal States 10,000,000, Portugal 20,000,000; Belgium 20,000,000; Saxony 15,000,000; Sweden 14,000,000; Turkey 10,000,000. Spain 5,000,000; Bavaria 1,500,000; the balance being divided among the smaller States. Bremen, Hamburg and some of the smaller States of Germany, Switzerland, Norway, Parma, Modena, Servia and the Danubian Principalities have no paper currency.

THANKSGIVING.—The first Thanksgiving gathering has been fixed by Governor Bontwell, of Massachusetts, who has appointed Thursday, the 25th of November, as a day for such public ceremonies. The Post learns that there is an understanding among all the Governors in the Union to appoint the above day for the observance of [illegible]

POLITICAL NEWS.

THE ELECTORAL RESULT.—We learn from Washington that the President has sent instructions to New York, to arrest all the parties concerned in the late forcible seizure of a fugitive slave at Syracuse, saying at the same time, their committal for trial, on the charge of [illegible]

ROCHESTER.—Mr. Gorse, United States Consul at Florida has been installed. Mr. Gorse is accompanied by a letter from the President, informing him that his defense is wholly unsatisfactory. Cobb, Secretary of War, at New Orleans, is spoken of as his successor.

FRANCO-NATIONAL RENOVATIONS.—St. Louis has given a majority of 1,463 voter in favor of the subscription by the city of $100,000 additional, to the stock of the Ohio and Mississippi, in order to secure the State loan of $200,000. The loan is now secured, and the work will go on [illegible]

THE FRANKING.—The United States Marshal of Florida has been indicted for the franking in violation of the revenue laws, and participation in the Cuban invasion.

GENERAL.—Gilbert's majority for Governor is said to be 10,000. His Union and true Southern Rights constituents are believed to be elected to Congress. Three-fourths of the Legislature will consist of Union men.

MISSOURIANS.—The Yalobusha Whig says all the returns for the Convention are now in, and it is ascertained that the Union men have elected [illegible] to the Convention by a majority of seventeen.

JOHN MC. FOOTE and MR. JEFFERSON DAVIS have resigned their seats in the United States Senate.

A LOTTERY FROM DALLAS.—The Galveston (Texas) News publishes a letter from Hon. Thos. George N. Dallas, of this city, dated at the end of July, containing a distinct admission of the failure of the Compromise measures, and a proposition to decide the Slavery question, once for all, by an amendment of the Constitution.

PROCLAIMED BY SHEAR.—Lord Willoughby Bertie, Earl of Lyndon, and proprietor and owner of the Grimsthorpe Estate, near Bourne, England, has recently made several most successful experiments in irrigating and pulverizing the soil by an engine. A writer in the London News, describing these operations, says that [illegible] ploughing, as you are very apt to do, you will find that the engine have a great deal to be thankful for.

"One of the first things I remember—and it seems as much like a dream as a reality, for I was very young—was seeing my father and mother trying to walk on a floor which was so thickly and closely covered with live coals that there was only a half-dozen steps without treading heedlessly and bruising my forefoot or making my nose smart.

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"Now I don't want you to feel scarred to father's sad no floor to their house, nor windows, and no regular fireplace. There was a large flat stone about a foot from each end to serve as a hearth, and a fire against. Directly over this was a hole in the roof, through which the smoke went out, but not the smoke and let in the light. In freezing weather, I have seen Indians several feet long huddled around the fire, and I remember, if I don't tell you about this family, but not now, for there is another story about them, and I intend to tell you soon when your school doesn't keep, just put me in mind of it, and I will tell you more concerning old times."—Anonymous Union.

General News.

TARIFF CRITERIA.—The achievements of our country upon the ocean are something really to be proud of. In point of speed, American vessels bear off the bell, whether as steamers or yachts or clippers. The late performance of the Flying Cloud to San Francisco is attracting so much attention as the recent yacht race to Isle Le Haul. The Flying Cloud made Cape Horn in 54 days, and San Francisco in 74 days. On her return from Cape Horn to San Francisco was made in 89 days. Her best run in 24 hours was 374 miles. Her greatest run over land in a day (by steamer—averaging 15½ miles per hour, beating the fastest express train on record) was 436 miles. In three successive days she made 702 miles. At this rate she would cross the Atlantic in less than nine days. The Sea Witch, during 1851, was carrying tea—ballast sails, with the wind one point forward of the beam. On one occasion, during a squall, she logged 18 knots, and was not sufficient to measure her speed: 40 miles was the greatest run in 24 hours. When 10 days out, she sprung her mainmast head, rendering the mast very tender the rest of the voyage.

THE CUBAN FILIBUSTERS.—The New York Times says that the Spanish Government has notified that if the Spanish resistance at New Orleans are industrialized for the losses sustained at the hands of the Cuban patriots, they will be sent to the tribunalize release of all the prisoners upon a proper application to the Court of Madrid. In pursuance of this notice, the Spanish Consul authorized Captain Ellis to make the above application to the United States authorities at Washington.

Mrs. Patterson, of New Orleans, who went to Washington to intercede with the President for the liberty of her son, Charles A. Downer, arrived in New York on her way home. She was unsuccessful in her mission. We are glad to hear, however, that she was so far successful as to secure from Congress the sum of $3,000, to be refunded to her by the Spanish Government, and will probably reach there in time to give him a joyful greeting upon landing.

JENNY LIND.—Jenny Lind intends to commence her concerts in Boston, Salem, Lowell, and Otis Goldschmidt. The first concert will be given in New York Tribune says, on authority at Exhibition, from there she will go to Toronto, and thence West, as far as Chicago, singing in the principal cities. She will return to Boston in time of her excursion on the South. She will then return to the East, and will settle in New York about the 1st of December. The Tribune also says that she is to appear in opera is denied. In a letter to Mr. A. she says:

"I have not the most remote idea of ever again returning to the stage; and although I have the most kind and flattering offers from Lumley and Jullien, and from Barnum, I have declined them all, and I am resolved to remain entirely private. I am very thankful to you for the idea that no inducement whatever, can tend to make me change my determination to the resolution I have adopted to quit the stage.

PAPER MONEY.—The "Cercles Italiens" gives the following summary of the amount of paper money afloat in the principal countries at the present time. Total amount 1,361,425,520; of the Russia has 175,000,000; Austria, 400,000,000; Prussia has issued 210,000,000; France 140,000,000; and Prussia 24,000,000; the Papal States 10,000,000, Portugal 20,000,000; Belgium 20,000,000; Saxony 15,000,000; Sweden 14,000,000; Turkey 10,000,000. Spain 5,000,000; Bavaria 1,500,000; the balance being divided among the smaller States. Bremen, Hamburg and some of the smaller States of Germany, Switzerland, Norway, Parma, Modena, Servia and the Danubian Principalities have no paper currency.

THANKSGIVING.—The first Thanksgiving gathering has been fixed by Governor Bontwell, of Massachusetts, who has appointed Thursday, the 25th of November, as a day for such public ceremonies. The Post learns that there is an understanding among all the Governors in the Union to appoint the above day for the observance of [illegible]

THE FIRE ANNIHILATOR.—There was an experiment made at St. Louis, recently, with the new fire annihilator, which proved a perfect failure. A two-story frame building had been erected for the occasion and filled with combustible materials, turpentine, &c. After being set on fire, the "Annihilator" was applied, but the influence in checking the flames was but slightly apparent, and only for a few minutes. The experiment, it is said, will be made. The failure is ascribed to mismanagement. Upwards of 5,000 persons were present to witness the experiment.

[ZF Sudden resolutions, like the sudden rise of the mercury in the barometer, indicate little else than the changeableness of the weather.

Foreign Items.

The potato disease is spreading in the North of Ireland, causing considerable alarm; but owing to the abundance of the wheat crops, no apprehension is felt of a deficiency of food.

The progress of Mechi's tilting reaping machine has challenged all other machines to a trial of their capabilities.

Count Alexander Antrobous, late a lieutenant in the Austrian army, has been condemned by a court-martial in Vienna, to two years' imprisonment in the fortress of Kufstein, for having written a satirical pamphlet, entitled, "The Secret Agitators."

A satirical pamphlet, entitled, "The Secret Agitators," has been published in Vienna, and is creating a great sensation. The author is not known.

The pictures contained in the Exhibition of Modern Art, recently opened at Munich, are exhibited in the Glass Palace, which was built for the Exhibition of the Industry of all Nations, in London, in 1851.

The Queen received from Madrid to the 10th ult., state that the Spanish Government is about to send six or eight thousand additional troops to Havana.

The news of the capture and execution of General Lopez has created a great sensation in the 31st ultimo, and elicited considerable comment from the London press, chiefly in favor of the course pursued by the Spanish Government.

The greatest rejoicing was occasioned at Madrid by the reception of the news from Cuba of the execution of Lopez and his associates. Bells were rung, and Te Deums chanted in the churches. The Marquis of Molins has received a note from the Spanish Minister at the friendly Courts, in which he states that although Spain has not been at war with the United States, she will not hesitate to declare war if forced to do so. The Spanish Government is determined that it is increasing, even yet, and warlike threats against the United States are rife. Despatches from Constantinople announce that the Porte has given satisfactory replies to the ultimatum of the Russian Government.

Notice had been given that the removal of the goods from the Crystal Palace may be commenced on the 15th of October, and that the building would be entirely cleared by the 31st of December. Temporary fixtures, which contributed very much to the beauty of the interior, were to be sold by auction on the 15th ult. The Duke of Wellington has been elected by the Committee of Management of the Great Exhibition, Lord Mayor of London for the ensuing year.

Selected Poetry.

OCTOBER.

Solemn, yet beautiful in sight,
Month of my heart, dear deepest love,
Which swallowed faded hate in death!
The Summer's sun is overhead; here
The morning of the world I hear
As the red comet sees afar,
A host of purple clouds upgoing
Before the sunrise, like the wings
Of angels, in their ministerings.

Then solemn month! I hear thy voice!
O fain my soul of other days,
Which lost or lives in its possession!
When much was lovely to my gaze,
Oh, where height! oh, blasted heaven!
Where are their living raptures now?
I ask my spirit's wondering power,
I ask my pale and deserted brow.

I look to Nature, and behold
My life's, like sunbeams resting cowed
In beds of ancient oil piled!
The year's dead bosoms on the ground;
And sighing with the winds, I find
Within their fine pensive measure by,
How much their dreamy sighing trees reveal
Of life and human destiny.

When Spring's delightsome morning shone,
They came in saplings from the West;
They knew the wanderer's undying pain,
They entered the blue lake's glassy breast,
Through Summer floating in the heat,
They lingered in the forest shade,
Yet changed and strengthened now, they bend,
In storm, o'er mountain, glen and glade.

How like these transports of the heart,
When life is fresh, and joy is new!
But as the lodger's dreary rent,
And treasured of as they are now!
They were the traces in that bright wreath
Which Hope about my forehead wove in the
Till Grief's hot sighs seared it brazen,
And Pleasure's lip no smile creases.

Alas, for Time, and Death, and Care,
What gloom about our way they fling!
Like clouds in Autumn's gusty air,
The harbingers of the Spring.
The dreams that each successive year
Seemed hinted in those of brighter pride,
At last like withered leaves appear,
And sleep in darkness side by side.

Leaves from History.

HAMILTON AND BURR.

Disappointed, and all his hopes blighted, as he believed, by Hamilton's instrumentality, Burr became a conspirator. Hamilton's opposition to the contest between himself and Hamilton, in which, in his anger, he was ready to sacrifice, not his political friend merely, but his bleeding country also. Through follies from his former station of commanding influence in the conduct of affairs, Hamilton enjoyed the unbounded confidence of a party, understood, indeed, but too respectable to be despised; while, of his bitter opponent, none, with any pretensions in character or order, doubted his honor or questioned his integrity. Burr, on the other hand, saw himself distrusted and suspected by every body, and just about to make public confession of personal calumnies ruin. Two months' meditation on this despotic state of affairs wrought up his cold, implacable spirit to the point of action. He was ready to take that of his rival. He might even have hesitated, but Hamilton hoped—for, though young and dexterous to a remarkable degree, he had no great intellect—that, Hamilton killed or disgraced, and Burr cleared out of the way, he might yet retrieve his desperate fortunes.

Among other publications made in the course of the late excited contest was a letter by Dr. Cooper, a zealous partisan of Lewis, in one of which it is alleged that Hamilton had spoken of Burr as a "dangerous man, who ought not to be trusted with the reins of government." In the other letter, superadded the above allusion, Cooper adds, "I could detail to you a still more disgraceful opinion which General Hamilton has expressed of Mr. Burr."

Upon this latter passage Burr seized as the means of fastening a fresh bite a fresh fang in the upper and sentient thereto. he selected William P. Van Ness, a young lawyer, one of his most confidential, not less dark, designing, cool, and implacable than himself. Van Ness was one of Hamilton with a copy of Cooper's printed letter and a note from Burr, (nothing upon "a private and unqualified acknowledgment or denial of the use of my name authorized what would warrant Cooper's assertion."

Perfectly well acquainted both with Burr and Van Ness, and knowing as well Dear Van Ness' conversation as Aaron Burr's acute political intention in this novel open bite, Hamilton returned a very moderate answer, promising a reply in writing at his earliest convenience. In that reply he called Burr's attention to the fact that the word "despicable," however in its general signification it might imply improper expressions, never was in which explanations might be sought, yet, from its connection, as used in Dr. Cooper's letter, and supported by Burr's many qualifications for political office, a subject, as nothing more was said about the definite statement referred to in the same letter, as to which it seemed to be admitted that no explanation was necessary. Still, Hamilton expressed a perfect readiness to avow or disavow any specific opinion which he might be charged with having uttered. But added that he never would consent to be interrogated generally as to whether he had ever said any thing in the course of fifteen years of political excitation to justify inferences which others might have drawn, thus exposing his candor and sincerity to injurious imputations on the part of all who might have misapprehended him "More than this," so the letter concluded, "can not fitly be expected from me; especially, if it will not be reasonably expected that I shall enter into any explanation with a bode ere rogue as that you have adopted. I trust, on more reflection, you will see the matter in the same light. If not, I can only regret the circumstance, and must abide the consequence."

Burr's cruel, calm, and offensive reply began with intimating that Hamilton's letter was greatly deficient in that sincerity and delicacy which he professed so much to value. The explanation in question, in the common understanding of it, implied dishonor. It having been stated to Burr's name upon Hamilton's authority, he was bound to say whether he had authorized it, either directly, or by strong implication or opinions derogatory to Burr's honor.

It was apparent from this letter, and it was perfectly distinctly stated by Van Ness, that what Burr required was a general disavowal on the part of Hamilton of intention, in any intervention he might ever have had, to convey impressions derogatory to the honor of Burr.

Granting Burr's right to this extraordinary inquisition into Hamilton's confidential conversations and correspondence, it would have been quite out of the character of Hamilton to make any such disavowal. His practice as a lawyer had given him full insight into Burr's corroding pecuniary transactions, and he had long regarded him, in his private as well as his political character, as a contaminated source of reckless and unprincipled as he was cool, audacious and enterprising—an opinion which he had found frequent occasion to express, more or less distinctly while warning his Federal friends against the acts of Burr.

Doubtless, however, to deprive Burr of any specific excuse for partaking in his murderous intentions, Hamilton caused a paper to be committed to him, through Pendleton, a brother lawyer, who stated as his friend in this matter, to the effect that, if properly addressed—for Burr's second letter was considered too insulting to admit of a reply—he should be willing to state that the conversation alluded to by Dr. Cooper, as far as he could recall it, was entirely confined to politics, and did not touch upon Burr's private character; nor should he hesitate to make an equally general or discriminate avowal in any other particular and specific conversation as to which he might be questioned.

But as Burr's only object was to find a pretext for a challenge, since he never could have required general disavowal for the purpose for which offer was pronounced unsatisfactory and a mere evasion; and again, a second time, disavowing in the same terms which he had made under kind of predetermined hostility, Burr requested Van Ness to choose a challenge. Even after the decision, Hamilton made a further attempt at pacific arrangement in a second paper, denying any attempt to evade, or intention to defy Burr's call, but had been instanced, still preferring reference to the closing paragraph of Hamilton's first letter, to Burr's observations, through Van Ness, on Hamilton's first paper. But the second paper Van Ness refused to receive, on the ground that the challenge had been already given and accepted. It was instead, however, on Hamilton's part, as the Federal Circuit Court was in session in which he had many important cases, that the meeting should be postponed till the Court was over, since he was not willing, by any act of his, to expose his clients to embarrassment, loss, or delay.

THE DUEL.

It was not at all in the spirit of the profound duellist, it was not upon any paltry point of honor, that Hamilton had accepted this extraordinary challenge, by which it was attempted to hold him answerable for the numerous injustices done on Burr's character, localized almost to one point, and to the consequent forfeiture of their esteem and confidence. The attitude of Hamilton was, indeed, singular, but he had thrown himself into it entirely by his love of his eldest son, a boy of twenty, in a political duel, some two years previously. As a private citizen, as a man under the law, and as a soldier and religious combatant, as a husband loving and loved, and as the father of a numerous and dependent family, on a matter personally concerning himself, Hamilton might refuse by his deeds, to bid every body defiance, and to set at nought the laws of God and man. But, as the champion of a party, as the leader of a party which exercised power in the State of New York, and actually governed the United States, he could not have with impunity, and with the consciousness of rectitude, declined the challenge of Burr, even had he been disposed to do so. Hamilton supposed himself to be responsible from a conformity with popular opinion in this particular.

With the smaller towards his opponents by which Hamilton was ever so nobly distinguished, but of which we have not room to indulge, Burr was not even acquainted; he discovered in this proposal, the last he ever wrote, any disposition to accept any thing like a reasonable apology for the offence given in those letters of his publication. He had long been in the habit of considering himself the wronged party in these matters, and he had, in fact, every reason to believe that he had succeeded in fixing the odium of a monstrous and depraved family, on a matter personally concerning himself alone. Hamilton's conduct, in the whole affair, was, therefore, inexplicable, on a hundred boasting and brutal, and unprincipled as he was cool, audacious and enterprising—an opinion which he had found frequent occasion to express, more or less distinctly while warning his Federal friends against the acts of Burr.

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Selected Articles.

PRAISE AMONG THE MARRIED.

Yes, among the married. Why should they not? Speak kindly of each other? the voice of praise is sweet to the ear of love. Is it not the type of those we love. It calls the best feelings, and excites the noblest emotions. Married people are excitable, and their daily faith on kindly terms is no small source of enjoyment. The husband who praises his wife, and the wife who praises her husband, are both happy. Each is proud of the other's praise, and compared with the competition made by the other admired, and a report is transmitted to the world.

The distinction of the absentee at the legislature, and the half of the speech is lost on the executive. There is no work in the world of which so many copies are printed as the Old Testament. It is the book of the people, and in several millions; which is not improbable, considering the number of population, and the fact that every family use an obsolete as an oracle; since, beside the moral information, it not only predicts the weather, but notes the days that are lucky and unlucky for all the classes of society undertaking; for applying remedies in diseases, for cutting the hair, for bleeding, &c. &c. And feel that perchance you cause tenderness and sorrow.

We will cease—they're not paid for yet."

Good friends, let me beg of you don't run in debt. If the coat and the cotton are paid for,
They will fit your heads better than new are not.
Unless they are paid for—with gold;
If the bonnet is too small, force the children together,
Keep it warm with a heavy good will;
A few whipped for, is all kinds of weather
Will send to your warm heart a chill.

Don't run in debt—sorry, dear girls, take a hint,
Of one fashion here and there, and remember but several;
Old Nature is not in the very same tint,
And old Nature we think has some reason.
But put any in your mind, that you cannot afford
To spend the time to keep up with the fashion;
That your purse is too light and your house too
bright
To be tarnished with such ugly smoke.

Come, don't run in debt—let your friends if they can
Have the honor they are paid for, be sure of a man,
But unless they are paid so, be more of a man,
Than to carry their scanty honor.
If you're money is spare, I have nothing to say;
Spend your dollars and dimes as you please;
But mind you, the man who his note has to pay,
In the case wise is never at ease.

Kind husbands, don't run into debt any more;
"I will fill your wife's cup full of sorrow,
To know that a neighbor may call at your door,
With a bill you must settle to-morrow;
Oh! take any advice—it is good, it is true!
Don't run in debt, and your wife shall be glad.
All whisper a secret, now, mind, I'm sure—
I have tried it, and know all about it.

The choir of a debtor is heavy and cold,
He lacks all common and cent,
And it stirs up you with—it is never at gold,
Which is very distressing to some.

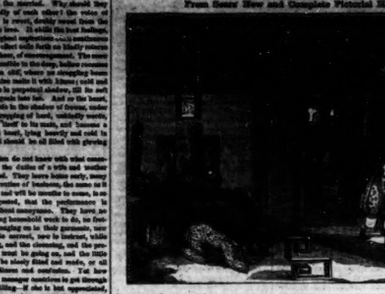
The man who's in debt is too often a slave,
Though his heart may be honest and true;
Can he hold up his head, and look sassy and brave,
When a note he can't pay becomes due?

LAZY AND RICHARDS.—Does not the Bremen do away with that tendency to indigestion from the dog? Are laps and Bloomers so-existent? Has confusion that the heathen be "One and a Thousand" was always a puzzle? Please, in a few words, to explain. Also, why is diagonal the high toned honor, would reject it, as a practice akin to deception and fraud. These questions are of vital importance to the public, and I am sure you will answer them in order to have a happy and contented household. Yours, &c.

Answer.—We, dating as we write from the very cutting of the wine of the telegraph, and the delay of a single day in the transmission of the letter, are not able to answer the above, the greatest moment more chosen is obtained to said, and hasten to warn, though not astonishing, we are to be astonished at the sudden in Spring is supposed to be best for drinking, and hence it would be best suited for the season. Bloomers is best suited for chosen; and in Autumn better knowing better than that of the Bremen; even less astonishing than the Bremen, and more suited to the season. Bloomers is more astonishing and consequently more better. The morning's paper will be found to contain the solution. The best dress; with of each milking, at all times and seasons, is Other than the first dress, which is the present.

Our Picture Gallery.

From Every New and Complete Pictorial History of CHINA and INDIA.



CEREMONIES OBSERVED IN EVERY PART OF CHINA ON AN ECLIPSE.

The ceremonies observed on the occasion of an eclipse have somewhat of a religious character, and are, indeed, a kind of worship of the powers above, which was anciently believed to be the cause of the phenomenon. Homer and others, although the Chinese are now aware that the effect is produced by natural causes, they still keep up the ancient custom of performing ceremonies on the occasion. The Mandarins bring ceremonies on the occasion. The Mandarins bring ceremonies on the occasion. The Mandarins bring